A PARIS MYSTERY.

By the Author of My Durats and My Interplife ..

CHAPTER I CONTINUED.

"I will tell for the good news. How it will rejoice her! Last noith, after I left you, Paul, I saw her. We talked of this very thing, of the council. Like you, Cabrielle never lost much in it. She has proved to the Virgin every might that it might be ac-

exptest."
"Well, it has been anyhow. Here are the per and paper. Wait one magent while I put some water in this ink; it is almost

Just then there cause a knock at the door.

It was Pierre who entered.
"It is the coat of M. Guard," he said; "Namette bids one say that she has done her best, though a tailor would doubtless have been more skillful."

"How, my coat!" said Raoul; "what, then,

was the matter with my cont?"
"Monsieur has, then, forgotten?" said the servant: "the sleeve was torn from the wrist right up to the shoulder

At this moment I had my back turned to Raoul's lesi, Isong engaged at the wash stand in dropping water into the ink lettle. A sud-den cry of alarm from Pierre startled me: "Quick, Monsieur, quick!—he has fainted!

My God, he is dend! I flow to the bedside. Raoul's face had become of a deathly palier; his eyes were closed, his lower jaw dropped down; his right arm hung flaceid over the bed.

hung flaced over the bed,
"Gracious heaven!" I cried in alarm; "what
is wrong with limit Quick Pierre, dip this
cloth in cold water—then run for brandy—
run your fastest! Here is—oh, my God, I have

"Say not a word more Monsieur" I will hasten-I will fly-I will bring the brandy Let Monstear be at onse—there is no need of the money"—and here this paragion of ser-vants had rushed off and down the stairs before I could say a word. I had passed my arm under Raoul's head, and was bathing his brow with the wet cloth. Before Pierre came back he had revived, to my intense relief. He opened his eyes, and looked me wildly in the face. "I had forgotten that!" he said in a volve quite unlike his own, and with a shudder

"Forgotten what, my dear Rapul?" but again his eyes had closed, and his head dropped back on my shoulder Pierre returned after a short absence with the brandy. We made Raoul drink some

presently he came out of the second fainting-fit, and looked at us curiously. "What is wrong?" he said.
"Monsieur has fainted," said Pierre; "Monsieur feels better now, is it not so?"

The good news has been too much for you. dear Raoul," I said; "you are certainly unwell. Shall I bring a doctor to see you?" On no account. I am better now-quite better." The tone in which he said this was

very decided. "As you say, it is no doubt the sudden joy that has overwhelmed me. I shall sleep now, and to-morrow I shall be quite re-covered."

He seemed disinclines to talk further. I den't want to make you go out. There is, result beside him, watching, till be fell asleep, and any out say, no necessity. And, now that I thin you say, no necessity. sat beside h m, watching, till he fell asleep. There was something in his manner and appearance that puzzied me and made anxious, for I had never seen Raoul like this before. I began to fear lest this might be the beginning of a serious illness, and yet, on the evening before, at the cafe of La Source. on his mind; he had had no quarrel with Gabrielle; the comedy had been accepted. It must, I thought, be the spider with the sp good news, acting on a temperament naturally high-strung. Raoul had a splendid physique. His tigure was lithe and slim, like an athlete's: indeed, he had quite a reputation at the gyrmasium in the Rue de la Sorbonne. irregular dining will try the best constitution; and Racul, like many writing men. was a creature of nerves. In this way, sitting by his besiside, I explained to myself his inhering pencefully. This reassured me, and I retried to rest.

CHAPTER III

The next forenoon saw me on my way to the house of Levi Jacob, the usurer, with the Odeon letter safe in my pocket. Raoul had passed a somewhat restless night, but in the norning professed himself quite well. There sould be no breaking for either him or me Sould be no breakfast for either him or the until money was got, and hence I lost no time in paying my visit to the lutie dew.

Between the Rue St. Adre des Arts and the new Boulevard St. Germain there hes quite a noticed the same thing before. There is a

abyrinth of narrow, dirty, crooked streets, alleys and courts, surrounded by lofty, deshall go there. I shall also visit the pawn-laying houses. A stranger would certainly broker and redects our lay desoles, and a few alleys and courts, surrounded by lefty, dehave lost his way and the intricaces of this parter, but I to my sorrow, was no stranger under things. I have been massing my dressing case most hornibly."

"Good, as for me, I shall rost till dinner-

the left bank, you will find an archway with a broken lamp over it and the words, half obliterated, "Cour de Rohan". If you pass through it into the squalid, noisone court, you will find a door in the right hand corner with a much battered zinc plate on it, bearing the benered name of Levi-Jacob, "broker, money-changer and lender on pledge." you go any farther than this, you will be

From Levi Jacob's window on the sixth story, the highest but one, a cord with a weight at the end of it bong down to the You had to pull this cord before it was possible to hold any communication with Levi Jacob.

I pulled the cord; after some minutes delay the window was cautiously opened, and the little usurer's wrinkled, bearded face, with its curved nose and gittering eyes, appeared over the sill. He recognized me at once.
"Ah, it is Monsieur! I have the honor to

salute Monsieur! Will Monsieur give himsel: the trouble of coming upstairs said in a shrill, cracked voice, and the words had no sconer been uttered than the head was withdrawn and the window shut.

I lost no time in rouning mestairs, and was details of my somewhat lengthy negotiation with Levi Jacob. It ended by my putting my name to a piece of stamped paper, and receiving, in exchange, ten notes of twenty

I hope that Monsieur is satisfied," said Levi Jacob. "I am always charmed to oblige lonsieur; there is none of my clients when I esteem so highly. It is cold to-slay, and the snow under foot is very disagreeable. All yes, it is a severe winter; one has to spend a large. not seen the journals this morning?

'Ah, that is a dreadful murder which has been committed—describ Meissner, of the Pa-ng mystery sance the affair of Menilmontant, sage de Mazarin, one of my co-religionists. I Euphraise, my angel —to one of the young have met hun at the Bourse, this Joseph Meissner: he was a very rich man; indeed, all the would spoke of his rudes. Doubles-

portentions see and arought. "It is true." I feelinged that he was called Jean Monton, and said to him; "you are so e here."

Included that he was jamiler of the house No. It

terms of which Mouriser complains let him in ember, who had a room and cabinet on the common fairness consider all things. There second floor. That Joseph Meissner was a is the letter; no doubt; but let Monsieur re- man of eccentric halots, and, among other flect on the risk I run-on the many acci singular instructions, had given him, Mouton, dents that may come between the friend of this that if on any day he failed temperar at Monsieur and the money he expects from his 3 o'clock, the hour at which he invariably comedy! To no other than Monsieur would went out to diac, his room shoul I be forcibly

THE PERSON NAMED IN



"Monsieur will prevence I am folerably seen. They then forced the door open the lend on such seeinaty. It is my esteem for Monsieur, my conflictnee in his hour all local simple of a Levi Jacob, why will then foot, in the middle of a great red stain that world, the hour telegraph of the middle of a great red stain that

er let the heart mangle with affairs." I wish sincerely I could say farewell."

under his astonished eyes.

Fresh from the coffer of the most grasp

ing Israelite in Paris—my old friend Jacob of the Cour de Rohan. But I had to leave the talisman in his hunds."

"Yes. Jacob was too polite to say so, but it might, you know, have been a forgery. He therefore made it a condition that the letter should remain in his keeping." "It does not matter, so long as we get the

"And will you not go to-day, Raoul, to see the director! We are now in funds, and if a new cont---"

Raoul interrupted me. "I shall not go on to-day,7 he said emphatically, and with a touch of irritation in his tone; "why should I I can go to see the director to-morrow, next day, any day-it is of no importance who Why should you want to make me go out to

of it, you are still an invalid; you are entities to lie in bed " $\,$ "I still feel rather light-headed," he said is

his natural tone; "and I have the touch of temper that proves me an invalid, have I not? - smiling

ter; only I feel maker lasy. I have quite an appetite, Paul. Did you order breakfast?" "From Magty's; it will be here directly. Listen! that is the chirk of plates and glasses on the stair."

We made an excellent breakfast. Anysody who knows Magny's will understand hat the wine was of unimperchable quality. Raoul's gayety seemed quite to come back to fainting fit and random words. Soon I saw him. I remember well how merry we were ver that meal, the last that we were to sit down to together in our old parret of the Rue Dauphine. We proposed teasts alter-nately. We drank to the Administration of the Odeon to the health of Levi Jacob, to the health of all our creditors, to that of Magny's cook, and finally to each other's.

cook, and finally to each others.
"I have laughed enough," said Racul, at length; "I must be quiet now for a while. What do you propose doing this afternoon,

beture on Roman law at three o'clock; I

In one of the narrowest, dirtiest streets on time. Shall we say seven o'clock?"

"Very well; seven o'clock. I shall order it at Magny's in passing. If il then, good-bye, ny dear fellow—and keep always better." "Good leve, my friend," said knowl, stretching out his hand to me. I think I still see the xpression on his face-half-wistful, halfheerful. I took up my hat and portfolio, and departed.

CHAPTER IV.

I was strolling down the Boulevard St. Michael after aftending the lecture on Roman law, when I met by chance Thouvenet, a friend of mme, and a law student like myself. Thousenet proposed a game of billiards; and, feeling the need of distraction after my late effort of industry, I arread.

We went to the Care del. Cigarette, where

the young ladas who serve you are all dressed alike in red, and where everything is very gorgeous. We played several games at bil-liards and had several glasses of beer, spendno the aftern on thus very agreeably. Ther "My dear fellow, I have a proposal to

What is that

"That we go for a walk, that we visit the "And why the Morgue, of all places?" "Why! because all the world is running there to-day, and we may us well run too.

Have you not read in the journals this morning of the mardet of Joseph Meissner?"

"Ah, I have been tobled the murder of this

"Impossible. Think of my friend Levi He was infinitely worse than even your fortune on firewood! Monaieur has perhaps 'riend Jacob. Some poor devil has murdered 'riend Jacob. Some poor devil has murdered "No. I have not seen them. Is there any must hear the details of the affair; they are carrious, I assure you. It is the most promiindies in red — he good enough to bring me The Figure. Ah, here is the paragraph.

The paragraph which Thousand read me

all the world speaks of his righes. Doublies some one has murdered him for his mone;

A terrible crime."

The paragraph which Thousand read me from The Figure was as to do we.

"Murious ix the Pass wor for Mazania,—
Last evering the inhibitants of the Quartier less Ecoles were thrown into excitement by the intelligence that a neighboul and mysteri
terrible crime." the intelligence that a tright of a Ha, ha' laughed the Jew; "Monsieur jests" and crame and been commutated in their midst, at is excellent! No, no; they will not min.

Mons, Joseph Me, soner, of Joseph nationality. That is excellent! No, no; they will not mur-der the old Jacob, the benevoient Jacob! He and by protession a mono-tember, had been der the old Jacob, the benevoient Jacob! He der the oil shows, the benevoient Jacob. He benevoient Jacob. He benevoient of the same state of the s of that door, and consider that I admit note who has not first pulled the cord and been decreased from the window. Monsieur will be bureau of police, the des Saints Peres, perceive that I as in the property that I are the becaring that a marder had been committed perceive that I am tolerardy safe." becausing that a matter had been commissed.

I propose at the soft, which was certainly of interrogated as to his name and avocation. aid to him; "you are sale here." Hint, he was jamiter of the house No. 13
"Be your own servant," went on the old Passage de Mazarin, between the Rue St. money-leader; that is not noticen of so unity. Andre and the Rue de Riche. Declared Had Meiser of done in I do, doubtless he further that one of the tenants of the house was would be nive at this hour. And as to the Monseur Joseph Meisener, a Jewish money-

entered without loss of time. On this even-ing—the evening of Tuesday—6 o'clock had sounded from the church of St. Augustin, and Meissner had not appeared. Such a thing had never impremed before, the old money tender being always remarkably punctual The janitor became uneasy, remembering the instructions that had been given him. the instructions that had been given him. He waited till the bells of St. Augustin tolled

the quarter, then went upstairs and listened at the door of the room. Not a sound was to be heard. He sought to peer through the key hole, but the interior of the room was quite dark, and be could see nothing. He came downstairs again, went up a second time; the same dead stillness. His uncariness grew to alarm; nevertheless, he waited till 7 struck from the church tower, then went to ask the advice of his friend and neighbor, the sieur Franceis Bustoul, publican. Bastoul, baying heard Montan's story, strongly advised him to do as the old man had bablen him, and offered to help him in breaking open the door. Having provided themselves with a crowbar, they went up to Meissner's room; listened, called, knocked, shook the door; no an

"One makes nothing by discussing. It's route from the chair that stood in front of the wish smeerely I could say farewell."

"Ha. ha! Measteur is always so amusing had been thrown into confusion, and the caboost day. Monsieur! Take care of the third inets and lock fast places bore the appearance step from the top. Monseur; the wood is rather rotten. My respectful congrutulation to the friend of Monseur. Good day."

At first the juntor and his companion were too much herrified to do, or think of, anything; but at length Bastoul proposed that they should instantly close the door. back to the Rue Dauphine. The present jess without touching the bely where it lay, and session of 200 frames cast into the shade the that, while he himself kept watch outside, terribly hard bergain which Levi Jacobhas driven with me. Passing Magny's on the way, Lordered an excellent breakfast for two to be sent to Rue Dauphine, No. 28, in a secondari I him to the scene of the crime. Everything was found there as Mouton had be sent to Rue Dauphine, No. 28, in a secondari I him to the scene of the crime. Everything was found there as Mouton had be seen to Rue Dauphine in the secondari I have been accompaniately the secondari in the sec the room. He was call in bed, but looked much more cheerful and like hunself.

Best looked in the discovered, beside the corpse of much more cheerful and like hunself. "Behold shaggard the fruits of my early labors" and I spread the twenty-franc notes

Joseph Messner, a dagger of loreign manufacture, used beyond doubt in the commission of the crime; also an ivory wrist stud, with an initial on it, in all probability dropped by the measurement. It is a masterpiece the measurement. It is thought that these articles cannot fail to give a clew to the discovery of the guilty person. Meanwhile, the janitor, Mouton, has been placed under surveillance."

ing it a promising mystery?"

I read this paragraph slowly through; its "Certainly. This will flutter the Rue every word seemed to fall on me like a great

"Well, Marsal, what do you think of that?"

"Precisely what is said here in The Figure. And now, let us stroll down to the Morgue, and see what is to be seen "

"Why, the dagger that the old Jew was stabled with. It is being shown at the Morgue to-day, and they say there has been quite a crowd to see it. Let us go." 'As you like. One other glass of beer, and

I am ready We had the other glass of beer, then walked lown the Boulevard St. Michel in the direcion of the Morgae, Thouvenot regaling me nurdered man to illustrate his avarice and It was by this time past five in the afternoon,

set there was still a crowd at the door of the lead-house. The people formed a line tretching along the Font de l'Archeveque, and we tailed on to the end of it.
"Here we are at last," exclaimed Thouvenot as we crossed the threshold, wedged in ightly by the throng. "Heavens, what a rush! It is always so at these gratuitous

mentacles." The murder of Meissner seemed indeed to save caused an unusual sensation; all these copie were talking about it, and showed the iveliest anxiety to get a good place for seeing. Around me were heard such exchanations as hese: "Oh, Monsieur, you elbow me!"- "A housand pardons" - "Pardon, Madame, but cour basket incommodes me?"—"Ah, heavens, ake care! you tread upon my heel?" Through his little storm of ejaculations sounded at egular intervals the deep voice of the guard Now, then, pass on, ladies and gentlemen! A little more quickly, if you please." Abead of us, I could see the people staring at a coard hung on the bars of the grating, be-aind which stood the two rows of dark slabs, empty and uninteresting to-day. is the button." I heard them saying. "What, then, is the letter upon it ? - "It is a



I heard them saying, "What, then, is the letter woon it that "-"Ah, but look at the knife! What a What droll character 'Henvens! Look at the stain on it! It is the

in front of the white beard that hing on the iron grating; I took one look at it—no, I cannot write down what my feelings were at that herrible mement. The thing and a hideous fascination for me; I could not avert my eyes from it. A cold sweat broke out over me my brain reeled as if in a vertige; I bel I should have fallen, but the pressure of the an. Did you know him? througheld me up. The sight made me sick and faint, and yet I could not tear my eyes

This was what I saw, exhibited on that board at the Morgue: A white ivory button, about the size of a two-franc piece, with an initial i, upon it; under this was written: Wrist and found beside the body, supposed to belong to the perpetrator of the crime a long, keen sdged dagger, its hilt of lac-pured wood, its blade of dark-blue steel, with some eastern characters graven on it, and, stretching from the point about halfway up the blade, a dull stain upon the glearning metal. Under the weapon was written: "Fornard of Japanese manufacture, found beside the corpse of Joseph Meissner, with which the fatal blow is surposed to have been struck." At the fest of the board were these words: "Any person having information to give with respect to the murder of Joseph Meissner is requested to communicate with M. R. Roguet, judge of instruction, at

the prefecture of police."

All this has taken time to describe; I single glance; it was as if these fatal pieces evidence burned themselves in on my rain. You see, I recognized, or thought 1 O'BLID. recognized, the wrist-stud and the darrer and the possibility they suggested to my mind overwhelmed me for the moment. I gasped for breath: I strove to raise my hand, that I terrible testimony that stared me in the face. and would not let me vision go. But the pressure of the crowd held my arms as if unioned, and swept me slowly along past the bars of the outer gate; then relaxed, and left me free to move. I had become separated from Thouvenot in the crowd; for this, even then, I felt a momentary thankfulness. My sole desire now was to escape from that ghastly Mergue, to leave it far behind. I had come to it as a scarcely curious spectator: I left it with the frenzied haste almost of

madman. I am persuaded that, and either of the skilled detectives afterward concerned in this case seen my manner of leaving the Morgue, they would have arrested me on sus-

picion there and then.

Whither I went after recrossing the bridge I cannot now remember. I walked on, or rather half ran, quite aimlessly; a dull, red mist seemed to hang before my eyes, anprevent my seeing anything distinctly, it was unconscious of being looked at or pointed at, unconscious of time or of fatigue one clear idea was that I must fly as fast and as far as possible from that hateful Morgus and its choking atmosphere of crime-

When I came to myself—for in teath I had been for the time distraugut—I found myself on one of the quays on the left bank, in the extreme west of the city. The thought came to me that I must do something; that I must think calmly of what that something ought to be. Darkness had come on, the lights of Paris stretched in a long line before me down the right bank of the river; snow had again begun to fall. I sat down on the quay wall, looking into the black water of the Seine and forced myself to reflect. I cannot think that any criminal was ever more wretched than I at that hour.
I do not know how long I sat there, als-

sorbed in most miserable thoughts. But at last something like a plan came into my mind. Retracing my steps toward the Rue Dauphine, I stopped at a keek on the Foule vard, and bought an evening paper-The Temps. I opened it under the light of a street-lamp, and read this paragraph amid the falling snow; "THE CRIME OF CHRISTMAS-DAY .- To-day

there was a considerable crowd at the Morgue, to inspect the articles on which the police must chiefly rely in their attempt to unravel the mysterious affair of the Passage de Mazarin. No arrest has yet been made. nor, so far as is known, is there any one even

under suspicion. The daughter of Mouton. itor at No. 13 Passago de is said to have given evidence to the effect that, about 10 o'clock on Monday might, the hour at which the crime seems to have been committed she saw a young man, 'tallish, denderly-built, and light of foot-step,' glide through the passage of the house as way upstairs. The police will, of course, make every effort to trace this young man, but, in the absence of clearer testimony, their insk must be pronounced one of the greatest fifficulty. Meantime, the judge of instruction has opened his inquiry on the spot; and a reward of 5,000 francs has been offered by the prefect of police for such information as said Thouvener, as he had down the paper the prefect of pelice for such inform and relit his cigar. "Was I not right in callmay lead to the arrest of the reassim."

Jerusalem, I should think.

The police have weight added to an already heavy burden. I feared, but that was not enough—I wanted certainty. Hurrying up the Rue Dauphine, I mounted the stairs and listened at the desir of Raoul's room. From his slow, regular respiration I judged him to be asleep, could be sleep, and—no! I would not believe it, would not think it! Yet, for all that, I dared not open the door, walk straight up to my friend, and tell him what I had seen. I took off my shoes on the threshold, and crept into the room like a thief.

Raoul did not speak to me, he must thereforebe asleep. The room was quite dark. I groped my way to the corner where the clothes which Raoul had last worn lay heaped together on a chair. I felt for the shirt sleeves; the one I took up first had the inorn butt n at the wrist, round and smooth. The buttonholes of the other were both empty; I



The button holes of the other were both

lay uppermost; put beside it in a little pile all that remained of Levi Jacob's money, and before applied to organ pumping. When the "We'll all beautiful be

stele softly from the room. I had meant to fly at once and forever from the Rue Dauphine. But no sconer had I closed the door of Raoul's room behind me sert my friend! Even if he were even if he were what I drouded to think, ought I to Leave him? Would be in such a case have abandoned met I leaned my head against the damp wall of the staircase, and: I am not ashamed to say, sobbed to think of it. ould I believe but that all was true! Ther was that damning evidence at the Morgae there was all that had happened since my parting with Raoul at ten o'clock on Monday night—the hundred trivial details that joined their several forces and drove the mind to such a terrible conclusion. But Racul?—ot all men, hef. Was I to trust my reason or my friendship? A cruel alternative? I shook as if with a fit of ague: I felt theroughly were out in mind and bedy. Was I to go or stay. I sat down on the stairs and buried my face.

in my hands. I do not know how long I sat there: I was carcless of the time, as of the cold. To leave Raoul was like a treas m; but to meet himto face him with such thoughts in my mind!rather anything than that! It was now late dinners it must be long after that already the restaurant people must have sent in our meal. Racul might rise at any momentmight come out-he must not find me here

the passage. A stout man, muffled up in a great, black cravat, stretched his arm across the outer doorway to prevent my reaching the street. Almost beside myself, in blind rage at this

Here Jacquot, Bertrand! Brang this time fol-

hold of me than I had fied his a coward, and TO BE CONTINUED.

lives in the southern part of Greenshoro, from it with a transfigured face. He be joy N. C., was having a well-dur, some locate invest that he there talked with angels. specimens of sapphire were found, acquarine, beryl, and some traces of hidde-

the Mediterranean to Timbuctoo, to impure into the expediency of establishing a carrage route between the Sondan and Algeria. with a view to diverting trade to the latter province. A man appeared on the streets of Denver recently driving a spanking team of fully they have belonged to the peace man did not aide and out of the door

caught and caged at San Francisco

thought Santa Claus had come to town

MANUEL DA

"At Christmas play and make good choor, For Christmas comes but once a year



GIVING AND WITHHOLDING.

To him who sits on the heights of wisdom, And looks on the throngs who grope below in the dark and damp morass Of doubt and ignorance, want and woe; Ever the call comes high and higher-To shed he light on the dark below

No man liveth, and no man dieth

Unto himself as his soul must know To him who helds in his own high keeping Who looks all cond where the poor are striving For the little work with the many hands; er the culi cemes clear and clearer, From increasing the stern demands.

They are his brothers, these struggling Lincols Whatever the gift the gods have given, The law is still not to hoard but spend;

Every good increases with giving. Trust to the store, it will never end. Unfo each call make ready answer, Give of your heart's blood, nitying friend The fount of love is deep and unfailing, The trensure is infinite-God to expend. HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD. COLUMBUS, Wis., Dec. 16.



Floodgate is not a large town, but it prides

Box as the troop of boxs who had followed Mrs.

Sometimes:

It is she very preserved to the prides as the troop of boxs who had followed Mrs. itself on the excellence of its society. However, the only one of its people I care to talk He was known as "Uncle Adam." He had eventful evening

that all save a very few forgot it completely. He was the sexton of the Church of the Puritans. Besides performing all the regular duties of that office with his own tands, he pumped the organ. He was not required to particularly that he wanted no extra pay in consequence, but because he adored music

Links when the threshmas cards, said another boy, "only angels never wear hats. See has a hat because he adored music

Links when listened with was and one. music gushed from the tall papes, rose high and then softly died away. Uncle Adam, in the little dun room that concealed him, exuited. When he emerged from the organ loft, after services, instead of being weary. he was it a state of spiritual exaltation quite incomprehensible to the fine people who ents grew too high to be reached at all, spoke to him kindly and patronizingly. His Early, too, was the chiefen crowded. Big eyes burned with an unaccustomed light, and hitle, rich and poor, were there. The and his thoughts seemed to be of things bulging eyes of the wee people were glued to bulging eyes of the wee people were glued to greater and grander than the old church the blazing threstmas tree, whose candles

the few who noticed it. Not entirely. Uncle
Adam was dreuning of things they knew not
that and the expected musical treat. and the surft in the flesh saw the spirits
"who are as the angels of heaven," without
"settle down till the much talkel-of singer
"spears! flesh.

I see them, be said. "I know they are the from the "Cantique de Noël:" spirits of men and women who once lived in "co holy might" the stars are brightly shining, this world, for my own people are among it is the night of the dear Saviour's birth; them—my wife, my childen, my mother. Long lay the world in sin and error pining, rose, staggered downstairs and rushed along and my friends of long ago. I know that we he passage.

Till be appeare land the soil felt its worth. A thrill of hoje the weary world rejoices. I am sure my soul can never perish, for i For yemier breaks a new and glorious believe it to be a part of God."

obstacle, I raised my arm and dealt him a vice talking on this subject. His soul was affame the skies. The organ accompaniment bore obstacle, I raised my arm a stepartium a vio-lent blow on the chest. He re-led back, but and his thoughts came forth in the strong them up, up, up to the very gates of the as he did so whistled shrilly and grasped me and simple language of inspiration. His his sternal city, "row voicer breaks a new and by the sleeve. Two men rushes forward, and teners smiled with pitying incredulity, or glorious morn, was rendered so feelingly it in a moment held me fact.

"Ho, ho" said the stout man with the cra which was kindled by his talk of "the cloud of that wonderful new morn. ow under the light of the lamp there, that I of witnesses" continually near, but all were And the singer herself. She was ever set him go. And, young ja kanapes, let me hise a part of his honest and earnest soul. flaring up from below, the charm of her fair

But no scoper had the two men lossed their the organ lost, the radiant spirits that came beautiful voice, enthralled them. Sometimes he told of the sights he saw in young presence, as well as the power of her before the stout man had finished his sen to him there. The dim little room that shut The people almost ceased breathing. The strange that he entered it with delight, re-strains. The stars themselves must surely

nan. He might better be described as one absolute silence. who had never been young. In years he sush't really old; but he seemed far away door leading from the closic gallery opened organized a 'rom everything youthful; long past all the and Uncle Athon came forth. He walked unmission to cross the Sahara Desert from says of life.

theerful was he always, unhappy never, hough others, seeing only the outward shase of his life, saw no pleasure or beauty n it. Poor and hard as it appeared to them, "t held joys they might well have been envied; but they were joys of the spirit only. travelling 100 miles a day. The children make and cannot mar."

Uncle Adam lived alone in a tiny house

day and evening when off duty at the church The remainder of his house contained the machinery of his domestic economy. He was his own cook, laundress and chambermaid, and was suspected of being his own tailor and short-maker. His garments gave color to the suspecion. They had no affliation with the prevailing mode whatever. Comfort not Fashion, had guided the shears when they were cut. Chenp as well as behind the times were they, but clean-

Even so undetrusive a person as the sexton of the Church of the Puritans cannot escape impertment comment. There were people in Florelgate who bothered themselves about his private affairs. They kept a sharp eye on his siender purchases, and decided that be was starving himself in order to accumulate

He was never title. Early every morning, the year round, he was at work, and the lamp burned in his workshop every night till 10 nelock or later. All this brought in money What did be do with it! The idlers of the town, having no industrial demands upon them, figured up Uncle Adams' income and decided that he didn't spend an eighth of it. Some of the better class hearkened to this gossip, and concluded also that he was a miser. They even expressed a fear that he would be nursleved for his hoard some night. They pitted him for his passion for money getting, but otherwise they found no fault with him.

Coarse young men who dropped into his shop on errands chaffed the old man about his concealed wealth. This he never tosented but worked away in silence without losing his temper

As the holidays came nearer the sexton's duties increased. The church was to be decorated, and extra work without stint came on Great wealth, slew-garnered in many lands; apace. He was always cheerful and obliging, and always busy. The Sunday school was to have a Christmas tree, with appropriate services on Christmas eve. The ladies of the congregation, grateful to the sexten for his faithful services, made up a purse to get To give good measure of help and cheering: him a nice present to be delivered from the tree. They devided on a suit of clothes as the greatest novelty for him, hough some argued strongly in favor of giving him the amount in money, as more likely to please

his avarious old heart. The Christmus tree was to be the great event of the was non-Fiscolpate. Everybody was talking about it. The services were to be unusually fine. Mrs. Dunlevy Wackersham, had the Church of the Portage a great musical treat for that occasion. On the steamer coming home from Europe she had become accomminted with the new singer, Miss Judich Stachini, and had engaged her to

This was indeed something splendid to look forward to. The newspapers were full of stories of Stanline's beauty and genius. Floodgate was on tip toe with interest.

When Mrs. Wickersham's carriage rolled away from the denot, bearing the famous sin it, women peoped at it cautiously from bel of their curtains, men stare i openly and small boys followed it in a disorderly Uncle Adam was as much interested as anyboly. He had put the finishing touches

to everything in the church, with a view to making a favorable impression on the beautiful young garl who was so good as to leave greater bopors and some to Floodgate to sing for the Church of the Puri-

Wickershams carriage rushed into the a surmaine, but so persistently was it ignored the reddest face. "and she were a whole lot "Oh, awful party," answered the boy, with of fur off'n some animile I never saw nor

beard of The old man's eyes glistenet. Can't you do this, but he insisted on it, not for the sake-book store a indows, on the Christmas cards, "Like the a pictures of angels down in the

The button hours of the construction of an empty consequence, but because he agered music empty, dropped it with a smothered groun of anguish—then listened, catching my breath, to see whether Rasul did not awake. He slept on the laid on the table the newspaper I had bought, should put his soul into the work and it should put his soul into the work and it should put his soul into the work and it. whether ration and live a support I had bought, should put his soul into the work and it the singer-beauty, until she became some folded so that the paragraph about the number would be felt in the music. This he surely thing more than mertal to all of them, the

"We'll all hear her sing, beys! We'll all

ifted. When he emerged from the weary loft, after services, instead of being weary from his service exertion, his face was invariably bright and beaming. Often and often ably bright and beaming. Often and often far toward the ceiling that their organization of the control of The music wrought this change, thought were numerous as the stars of heaven, while

of. He lived, at such times, in another world, the world of the invisible and the fldgeted nervously during the pastor's opensternal. He believed that that world was ing prayer, through the neat little speech of shut out from this by the veil of tesh only. shut out from this by the veil of flesh only.

and that at times this veil was swept aside gamist's jubilant voluntary. Nor did they

She stepped to the front of the choir's "I know there are spirits about us, because small gallery and began the glorious solo

The old man always grew eloquent when Her clear, sweet sograno notes rang into

his harneles fancies. Here and there was and they involuntarily cast their eyes vat; we assault the agents of policy. We have been said there was and they involuntarily east their eyes case our hands against the authorities choose who possessed a vein of poetic sentiment beavenward, fail expecting to see the light may have a look at him? . . . Short, fair too un-partual to understand that this faith him eyes—no, it is not our man. You may was the strength and support of the old man's Standing there with the light of the tapers

tence, was half way down the Rue Dauphine bine away from the sight of others was the walls of the church faded out of sight, and very door of heaven to him. It was not boundless space opened to prolong the sweet some time ago while Mr. James, who mained in it as long as possible, and emerged bear and send back an answering echo of

> The solo was finished, but the spell wrought I have spoken of Uncle Adam as an old by it was still felt. There was a moment of

And now a curious thing happened. The slowly, with upoffed head, until directly in front of the young singer. Then, pausing, he gazed upward, with a rapt, adoring expression on his face, which seemed somehow to look younger and happer than ever before. Then with that far away, exalted look still in his eyes, he moved slowly down the

This was most unusual. The congregation turned, one toward another, with inquiring close beside the church of his care. His glances but all kept silent. They wondered Several murderous dynamiters have been small front room was a workshop, where he why the old man left his post at the organ at of Italians in one of the savings banks of made and mended shoes every hour of the such a time, but, knowing his faithfulness. New York,

a second thought assured them that he had left some one in his place. They decided mentally, too, that he was a little teside himwif on account of the rouser

The chair began the charact "Fall on your knew! () hear the might voices?" The organ's some peopled forth triumphantly, then suddenly dropped to a love, feeble sigh, that flutfered over the church like a wounded bird, and then died away a together, leaving the choir stranged and secret. The organi-t's fingers can over the key immensity at first, then anxiously then had a Not sound came for h. The people was a leath angulary and interest in their tare. The their steed

When the suspense became insurportable the organist left his sent and hurried to the door of the organ pumper's room: He returned with a white face and startled even Leaning over the railing of the gallery toward the raised faces of the congregation, he said, in frightned tones;

"Friends Adam Stanley, our sexton Kee



A worldless wave of feeling went up from the people, but before any one neovered himself enough to make a movement, they were startled by another cursous thing. Miss Stanlini, the singer, reached out her arms, as wailed out. 'O' my father."

The shock; the surprise all coming at such a time, created in the staid old Church of the functions an emotional panie not to be painted by worth.

Yes, it was true, the familiful singer was his daughter. She was only " years old when her mother ded. An aunit in England took charge of her, and at her father a wish estacated her alread for a musical career. She had never suspessed her, father to be rich. or ever dreamed that he carned, by hard work, the money she regularly received He traveled she thought. Her aunt had been dead five years and she really knew very little about her father. It was evident at last that be never intended her to know his true circumstances. All her letters to him h d been wut in the care of a lawyer at Penticoke, thirty miles away. He had written her that he would be at Floodgate tohear her sing if possible. Her weifare had been the object of his life. For her he had toiled and saved and borne the reputation of m frideer

the pathetic laner history of Uncle Adam's rife. And they noticed that his dead face. wore a look not usual to dead faces. It was an expression of rapture. No wonder. He had died of joy, his spirit floating out on the glorious strains of the Christmas hyom

One thing the Floodgate people can never explain: How did the sexton walk past the pulpit, down the aisle and out at the door of the church when he was lying dead in the organ loft! No they cannot explain that, though they talk of it to this day, and tell the story over and over at Christmas tide. Three or four during ones ventured to say that as the sexton's last thought had been of his daughter it was not unlikely that his spirit released from the body, at once unconsciously hurried to a point whence it could see her. They were unmersifully derided, of source and talked about terrible. Intimations that they would be put out of the fold for holding such extraordinary opinions closed their mouths at once, and have kept them closed ever since. EBBON OLIVER.



"I heard the bells on Christmas day Their old familiar carols play, And wild and sweet The words repeat Of peace on earth, good will to men."



FENCE POSTS.

How They Should Be Treated Before Being Placed in the Ground

An experimental writer on this subject very rationally remarks: "To have a fence that will last, we must have good posts, for that is the part that gives out first by rotting off at the surface of the soil. Then the fence has to come down, new posts set and the boards replaced. Sixteen years ago I experimented with my fences, and find seasoned oak posts. oiled and then tarred with boiling coal tar, makes them last the longest. I took green pasts that were sawed five inches square at one end and 2x5 inches at the other, and eight feet long. I tarred half as many as would build my fence, and the other half I put in the ground green, with nothing done to them. In five years after the tarred posts were nothing but a shell under the ground, all the inside being decayed. Some of the other posts were rotted off, and some were about half rotten.

"Two years after, I built another fence, with seasoned oak posts, same size as the first, giving them all a good coat of oil, and in a few days after tarred them, as I did before, with coal tar, heated in a can made for the pur-pose, four feet deep and large enough to old four posts set on end. I left them in boiling tar for about ten minutes, then took them out and sanded them. And now, after fourteen years, not one in ten needs replacing. I shall never build a fence for myself requiring posts without first thoroughly seasoning, then oiling, then tarring them. If they are tarned when green, the my does not benefizate the wood, and in a short time will scale off. When the wood is seasoned the oil penetrates the wood and the coating of coal far keeps out the moisture, thereby preserving the wood

FIRM NOW! from deces The Russian army balloon service was lately tested by two lieutenants of suppers, who, with a professional neronant, accom-plished a journey of 100 miles in five hours. A carrier-pigeon service is being organized